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# A BOOK OF FAMOUS POEMS

For Older Boys



*Compiled by Marjorie Barrows*  
Editor, "Child Life"

*Illustrations by Janet Laura Scott*



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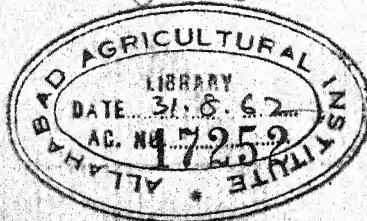
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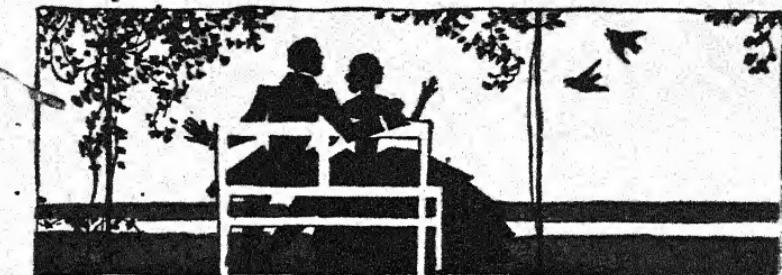
To My Father



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## The Year's at the Spring

*Robert Browning*

The year's at the spring  
And the day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn:  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!

---

## Song from Cymbeline

*William Shakespeare*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With everything that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.





## Puck's Song

*William Shakespeare*

Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Through flood, through fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moone's sphere,  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours;  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

## The Fairies

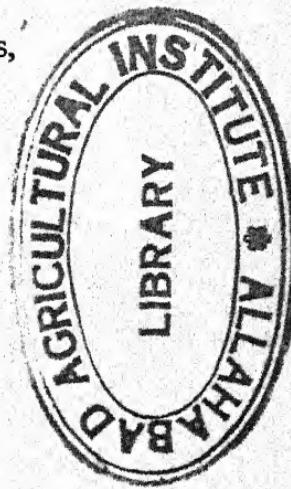
*William Allingham*

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!



Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home;  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

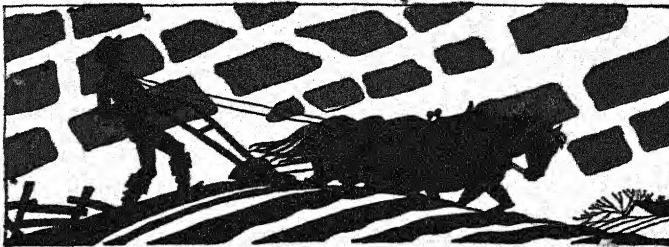
High on the hilltop  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
• Of the gay Northern Lights.



They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back  
Between the night and morrow;  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig them up in spite,  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!



## March

*William Wordsworth*

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The Plowboy is whooping—anon—anon:  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!



## White Butterflies

*Afternoon Charles Swinburne*



Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,  
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,  
Small white wings that we scarce can see,

Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,  
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;  
All to the haven where each would be,

Fly!

---

## Song of the Brook

*Alfred Tennyson*

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.



With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

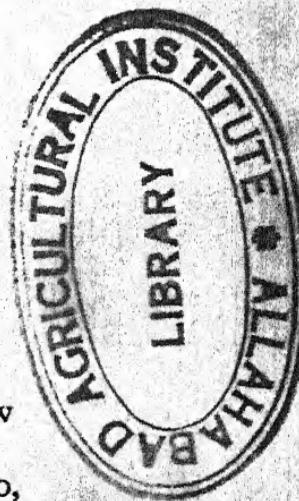
I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
. But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery water-break  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.





I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows;  
  
I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;  
  
And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

---

## Robert of Lincoln

*William Cullen Bryant*

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note:  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,  
One weak chirp is her only note,  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat:





Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Never was I afraid of man;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs in a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might:  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air:  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest, and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.



## The Eagle

Fragment

*Alfred Tennyson*

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



## The Owl

*Alfred Tennyson*

When cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

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## Daffodils

*William Wordsworth*

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.



Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.





## Where the Bee Sucks

*William Shakespeare*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily:  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

---

## Fairy Song

*John Keats*

Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Weep no more! O, weep no more!  
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.  
Dry your eyes! O, dry your eyes!  
For I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies,—  
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!  
'Mong the blossoms white and red,—  
Look up, look up! I flutter now  
On this fresh pomegranate bough.

See me! 'tis this silvery bill  
Ever cures the good man's ill,  
Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!  
Adieu, adieu!

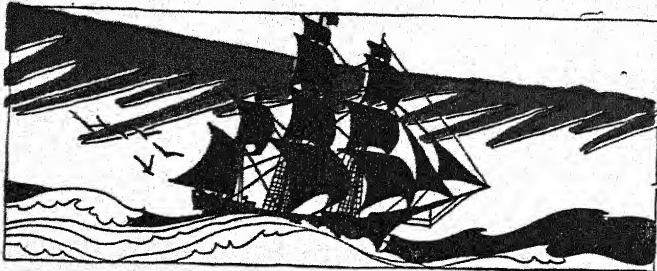
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## A Sea Song

*Allan Cunningham*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea;  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the snoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high;  
And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship light and free—  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.



There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud;  
But hark the music, mariners!  
The wind is piping loud;  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free—  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

---

## My Heart's in the Highlands

*Robert Burns*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with  
snow,

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

---

## Home Thoughts from Abroad

*Robert Browning*

Oh, to be in England

Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England

Sees, some morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf

Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough

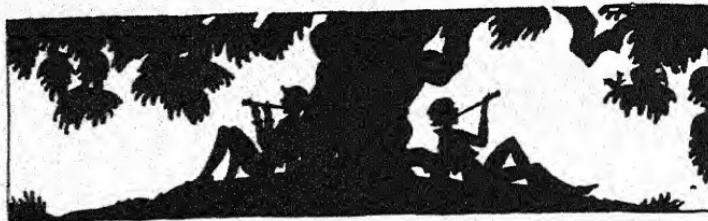
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,

And the whitethroat builds and all the swallows!

Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge





Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's  
edge —  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice  
over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower—  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

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## Under the Greenwood Tree

*William Shakespeare*

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat—  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun

Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets—  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.



## Hie Away, Hie Away

*Sir Walter Scott*

Hie away, hie away,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Where the copsewood is the greenest,  
Where the fountains glisten shonest,  
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,  
Where the fairy latest trips it:

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,  
Lovely, lonesome, cool and green,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Hie away, hie away.

## Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay

*Sir Walter Scott*

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horses and hunting-spear!



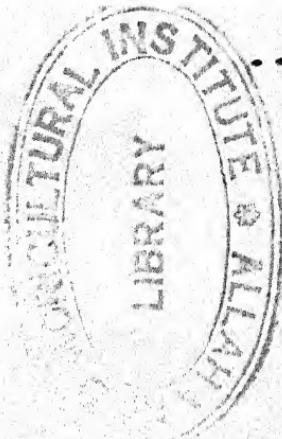
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily mingle they,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the greenwood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
We can show the marks he made  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
You shall see him brought to bay;  
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,  
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay!



## The Bugle Song

*Alfred Tennyson*

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.  
O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.





## Flower in the Crannied Wall

*Alfred Tennyson*

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;—  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

---

## Indian Summer

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

From gold to gray  
Our mild sweet day  
Of Indian summer fades too soon;  
But tenderly  
Above the sea  
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,  
The village spire  
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;  
The painted walls  
Whereon it falls  
Transfigured stand in marble trance!



## September

*Helen Hunt Jackson*

The golden-rod is yellow;  
The corn is turning brown;  
The trees in apple orchards  
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun;  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook;  
And asters by the brook-side  
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning  
The grapes' sweet odors rise;  
At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens  
September days are here,  
With summer's best of weather,  
And autumn's best of cheer.



## Going A-Nutting

*Edmund Clarence Stedman*

No clouds are in the morning sky,  
The vapors hug the stream,—  
Who says that life and love can die  
In all this northern gleam?  
At every turn the maples burn,  
The quail is whistling free,  
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burrs  
Are dropping for you and me.  
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!  
Hilly ho!  
In the clear October morning.

Along our paths the woods are bold,  
And glow with ripe desire;  
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,  
The sumachs spread their fire;  
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,  
The buckwheat tops are red:  
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,  
And over the stubble tread!  
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!  
Hilly ho!  
In the clear October morning.



## Cradle Hymn

*Martin Luther*

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he  
lay—

The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.



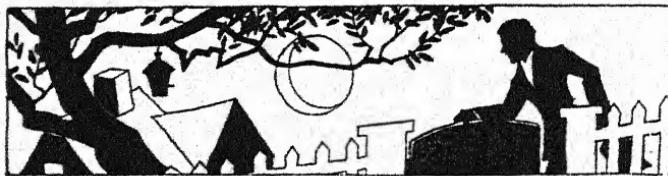
## Sweet and Low

*Alfred Tennyson*



Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.



## Evening

*William Blake*

The sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.

The moon like a flower  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight,  
Sits and smiles on the night. . .

## PART II



### She Walks in Beauty

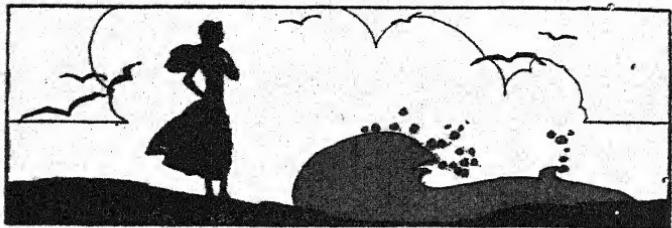
*Lord Byron*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,—  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.





## Annabel Lee

*Edgar Allan Poe*

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee,—  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came,  
And bore her away from me,

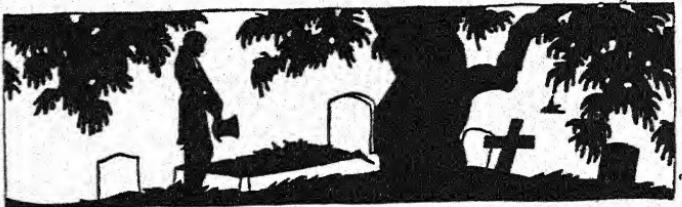
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
. In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me,  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.





## She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways

*William Wordsworth*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

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## The Flower's Name

*Robert Browning*

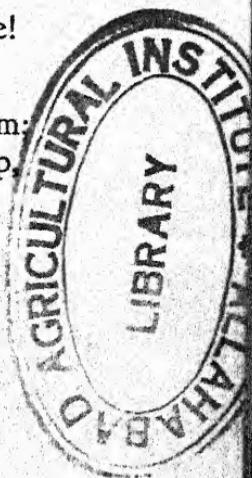
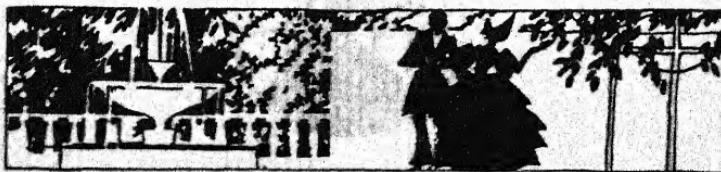
Here's the garden she walked across,  
Arm in my arm, such a short while since:  
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss  
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.

She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;  
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,  
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

• Down this side of the gravel walk  
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box;  
And here she paused in her gracious talk  
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.  
Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
I will never think that she passed you by!  
She loves you, noble roses, I know;  
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,—  
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim:  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
Its soft meandering Spanish name.  
What a name! Was it love or praise?  
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?  
I must learn Spanish one of these days,  
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
I may bring her one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,—  
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.



But do not detain me now, for she lingers  
There, like sunshine over the ground;  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not,—  
Stay as you are, and be loved forever.  
Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not,—  
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!  
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?  
Come, bud! show me the least of her traces.  
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:  
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces,—  
Roses, you are not so fair after all!





## Come into the Garden, Maud

*Alfred Tennyson*

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine splices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one,  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the Hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He set the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;

The white lake-blossom fell into the lake  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
.The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate,  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate.  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"  
• And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead,—  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.



## Rose Aylmer

*Walter Savage Landor*

Ah what avails the sceptred race,  
Ah what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

---

To—

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken,

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone  
Love itself shall slumber on.



## Evelyn Hope

*Robert Browning*

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium flower,  
Beginning to die too, in the glass;

Little has yet been changed, I think:  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;  
It was not her time to love; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,

And now was quiet, now astir,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—

And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?

What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
And, just because I was thrice as old

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was naught to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love:  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:  
Much is to learn, much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)  
In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old life's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me:  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!  
My heart seemed full as it could hold;  
There was place and to spare for the frank young  
smile,

And the red young mouth, and the hair's young  
gold.  
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep:  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!  
There, that is our secret; go to sleep!  
. You will wake, and remember, and understand.

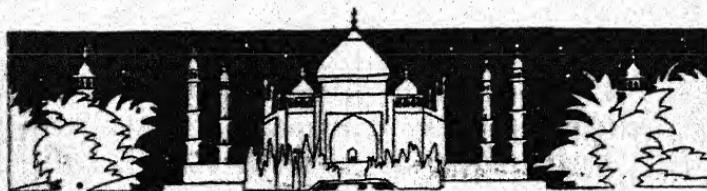
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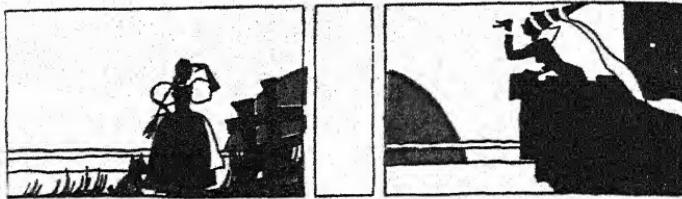
## The Indian Serenade

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how!  
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
And the Champak odors fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;





The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;—  
As I must on thine,  
O! beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast;—  
Oh! press it to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last.

---

## The Sun upon the Lake Is Low

*Sir Walter Scott*

The sun upon the lake is low,  
The wild birds hush their song,  
The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
Yet Leonard tarries long.  
Now all whom varied toil and care  
From home and love divide,  
In the calm sunset may repair  
Each to the loved one's side.



The noble dame on turret high,  
Who waits her gallant knight,  
Looks to the western beam to spy  
    The flash of armor bright,  
The village maid, with hand on brow  
    The level ray to shade,  
Upon the footpath watches now  
    For Colin's darkening plaid.

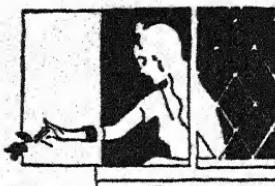
Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
By day they swam apart,  
And to the thicket wanders slow  
    The hind beside the hart.  
The woodlark at his partner's side  
    Twitters his closing song,—  
All meet whom day and care divide,  
But Leonard tarries long!

---

## Bedouin Love-Song

*Bayard Taylor*

From the Desert I come to thee,  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.



Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:  
I love thee, I love but thee!  
With a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see  
My passion and my pain!  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.

Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

---

## Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw

*Robert Burns*

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west;  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And monie a hill's between;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air;  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green,—  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me of my Jean.





## O My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose

*Robert Burns*

O my Luve's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my Luve's like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I:  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry:  
  
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Th' it were ten thousand mile.





## My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing

*Robert Burns*

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o'mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
I never lo'ed a dearer,  
And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o'mine.

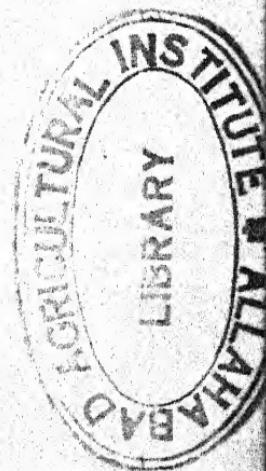
The warld's wrack we share o't,  
The warstle and the care o't;  
Wi' her, I'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

---

## John Anderson My Jo

*Robert Burns*

John Anderson my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;





But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw,  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And monie a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
And hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo!

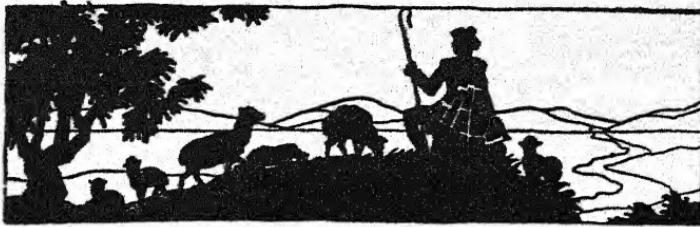
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## Afton Water

*Robert Burns*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the  
glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming for-  
bear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

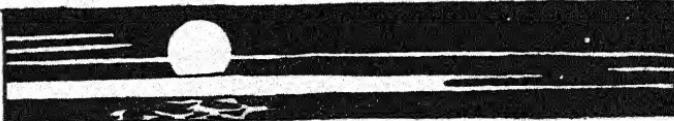


How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,  
Farmarked with the courses of clear winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy water her snowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear  
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



## Meeting at Night

*Robert Browning*

The gray sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

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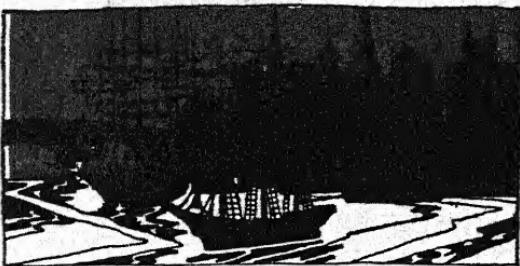
## Parting at Morning

*Robert Browning*

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.



## PART III



### Upon Westminster Bridge

*William Wordsworth*

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!



*From*  
**Resolution and Independence**

*William Wordsworth*

There was a roaring in the wind all night;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of  
waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.



## Evening in Paradise

*John Milton*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung.  
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires; Herperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

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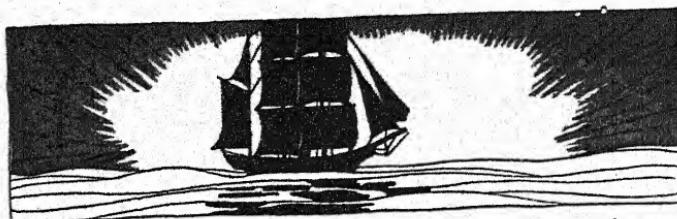
*From*

## The Ancient Mariner

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,—  
"Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea.



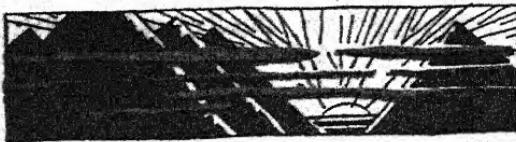
All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck,—nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.



*From*  
**Prometheus Unbound**

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

The point of one white star is quivering still  
Deep in the orange light of widening morn  
Beyond the purple mountains: thro' a chasm  
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake  
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again  
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads  
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:  
"Tis lost! and thro' yon peaks of cloudlike snow  
The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not  
The Aeolian music of her sea-green plumes  
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

---

• **On the Grasshopper and Cricket**

*John Keats*

The poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out with fun  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.



The poetry of earth is ceasing never;  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

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## The Snow-Storm

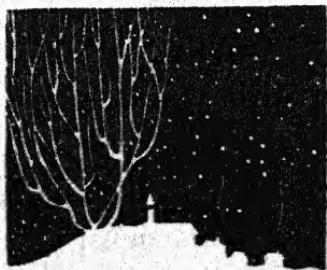
*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whitened air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer



Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the Farmer's sighs; and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.



## Peace in Acadie

From "Evangeline"

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines  
and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-  
tinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and  
prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms,  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.

---

## The Cave of Sleep

From the "Faerie Queene"

*Edmund Spenser*

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
And through the world of waters wide and  
deepe,  
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire,  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver deaw his ever-drouping head,  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth  
spread.



And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streme from high rock tumbling  
downe,  
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the  
sowne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a sowne.  
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,  
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes  
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enimyes.

---

*From*  
**Childe Harold**

*Lord Byron*

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;  
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
Of blue Fruili's mountains; Heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be,—  
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,

While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of the  
blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Phaetian hill,  
As Day and Night contending were, until  
Nature reclaim'd her order:— gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd with-  
in it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse:  
And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest,—till—'tis gone—and all  
is gray.

---

## To Autumn

*John Keats*

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
run.



To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy  
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fumes of poppies, while thy  
hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined  
flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by  
hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are  
they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying  
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

---

## The Cloud

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.  
  
I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;



And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over-earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead,  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings,  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea  
beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet;  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and  
swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my  
chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a stain  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex  
gleams  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the  
tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.





## "When the Hounds of Spring"

*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of  
quivers,  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamor of waters, and with might;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the  
night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?

O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to  
her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind  
sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins . . . .

---

## To the Cuckoo

*William Wordsworth*

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice:  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
    Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
    Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
    Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
    A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
    I listen'd to: that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
    In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
    Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
    Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
    Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
    That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
    Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
    That is fit home for Thee!

## PART IV



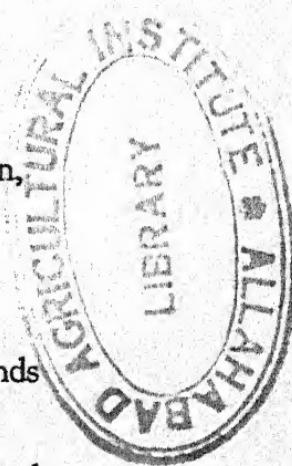
### The Solitary Reaper

*William Wordsworth*

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands;  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,



And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of today?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

---

## To Night

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of thy misty eastern cave,  
Where all the long and lone daylight  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,



Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long sought!

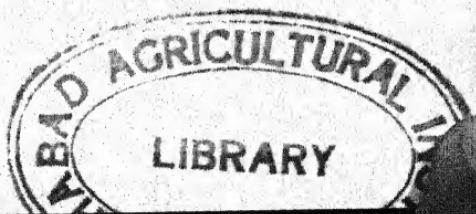
When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee;

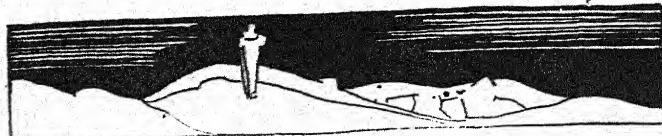
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,  
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon!





## Ozymandias of Egypt

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless  
things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that  
fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.





# Spring

From "In Memoriam"

*Alfred Tennyson*



Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now burgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail,  
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives.

From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.



## The Rhodora

(*On being asked, whence is the flower?*)

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there  
brought you.

## Ye Stars

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"

*Lord Byron*

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-  
selves a star.

---

## Among the Rocks

*Robert Browning*

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,  
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;  
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;  
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.  
If you loved only what were worth your love,  
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:  
Make the low nature better by your throes!  
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

## On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

*John Keats*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

---

## Keen, Fitful Gusts Are Whispering Here and There

*John Keats*

Keen, fitful gusts are whispering here and there  
Among the bushes half leafless, and dry;  
The stars look very cold about the sky,  
And I have many miles on foot to fare.  
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,  
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,  
Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,  
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:

For I am brimful of the friendliness  
That in a little cottage I have found;  
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,  
And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd;  
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,  
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

---

## On His Blindness

*John Milton*

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
    bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He returning chide;  
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His  
    state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."





## Ode to a Nightingale

*John Keats*

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
    My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
    One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk;  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
    But being too happy in thine happiness—  
    That thou, light winged Dryad of the trees,  
        In some melodious plot  
        Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
            Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
    Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
    Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O, for a beaker full of the warm South,  
    Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene,  
        With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
            And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and  
dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding  
mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;



White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for  
home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.



Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

---

## Ode on a Grecian Urn

*John Keats*

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard . . .  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
'All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be: and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought.  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

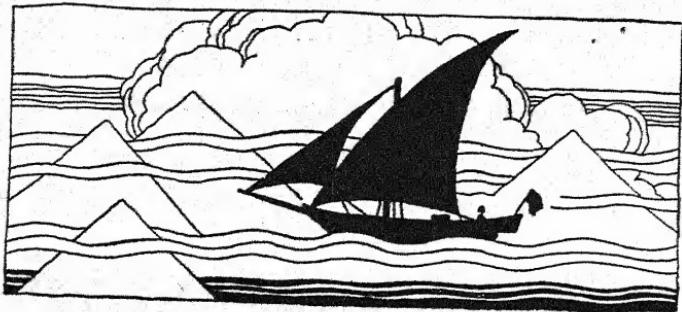
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## Drifting

*Thomas Buchanan Read*

My soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing The Vesuvian Bay;  
My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.



Far, vague, and dim  
The mountains swim;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The Bay's deep breast at intervals

At peace I lie, Board of Foreign Missions

Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

Here children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright and beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—

This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

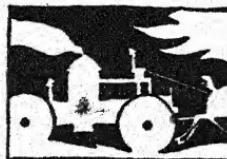
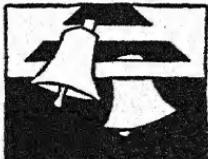
No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!

---

## The Bells

*Edgar Allan Poe*

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,



To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony  
foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!—  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future!—how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor  
Now—now to sit, or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear, it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clangling,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling,  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
    bells—  
    Of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
    Bells, bells, bells—  
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
    Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody  
    compels!  
In the silence of the night  
    How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
    Is a groan.  
And the people—ah, the people—  
    They that dwell up in the steeple,  
        All alone,  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
    In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
    On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman,—  
They are neither brute nor human—  
    They are Ghouls:—  
And their king it is who tolls:—  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
    Rolls

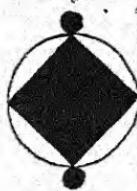
A paean from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paean of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the paean of the bells:—  
Of the bells:  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
To the sobbing of the bells:—  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells:—  
To the tolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

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## The Raven

*Edgar Allan Poe*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
gotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door.



" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my  
chamber door:  
    Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost  
upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had  
sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for  
the lost Lenore,  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore:  
    Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each  
purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never  
felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
stood repeating,  
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door,  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my cham-  
ber door:  
    This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then  
no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness  
I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you  
came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I  
opened wide the door:

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared  
to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness  
gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whis-  
pered word, "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the  
word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within'  
me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder  
than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my  
window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mys-  
tery explore;  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery  
explore:  
"Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many  
    a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly  
    days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute  
    stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my  
    chamber door,  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
    chamber door:

    Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
    smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the counten-  
    ance it wore,—

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,”  
    I said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from  
    the Nightly shore:

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s  
    Plutonian shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-  
    course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy  
    bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
    being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
    chamber door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his  
    chamber door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”



But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,  
spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he  
did outpour,  
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather  
then he fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered,—“Other  
friends have flown before;  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes  
have flown before.”

Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only  
stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom un-  
merciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs  
one burden bore:  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy bur-  
den bore  
    Of ‘Never—nevermore.’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into  
smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird and bust and door:  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to  
linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous  
bird of yore,  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
    Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er

*She shall press, ah, nevermore!*

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if  
    bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God  
    we both adore,  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the  
    distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels  
    name Lenore:  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
    name Lenore!"  
                Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"  
I shrieked upstarting:  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's  
    Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy  
    soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust  
    above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy  
    form from off my door!"  
                Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still  
    is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-  
    ber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's  
    that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his  
    shadow on the floor:  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-  
    ing on the floor  
                Shall be lifted—nevermore!

# Kubla Khan

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.

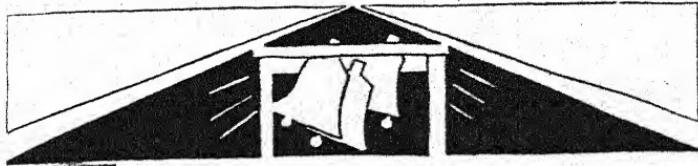
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O that deep romantic chasm, which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil  
seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced,  
Amid whose swift, half-intermittent burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.

Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran,—  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean,  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device—  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
That, with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,—  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.



## New Year's Eve

*Alfred Tennyson*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws. . .

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
    Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
    Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
    The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
    Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

---

## Battle-Hymn of the Republic

*Julia Ward Howe*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
    the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
    of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
    swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
    circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening  
    dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
    flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.



I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows  
of steel;

"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My  
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,  
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you  
and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,

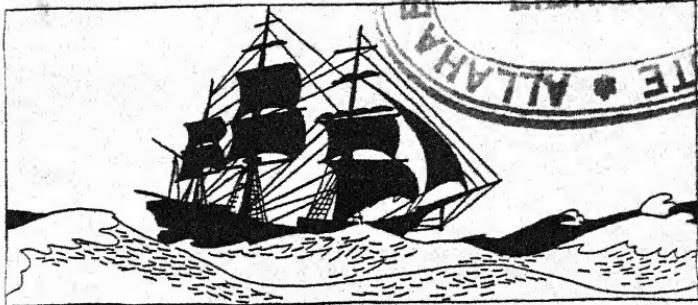
While God is marching on.



## I Hear America Singing

*Walt Whitman*

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it  
should be, blithe and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank  
or beam,  
The mason singing as he makes ready for work, or  
leaves off work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in the  
boat, the deckhand singing on the steam-  
boat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the  
hatter singing as he stands,  
The woodcutter's song, the ploughboy's on his  
way in the morning, or at noon intermis-  
sion, or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the  
young wife at work, or of the girl singing  
or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to  
none else,  
The day that belongs to the day—at night the  
party of young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious  
songs.



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## O Captain! My Captain!

*Walt Whitman*

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we  
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the  
bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you  
the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager  
faces turning;

Here Captain, dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
    You've fallen cold and dead.

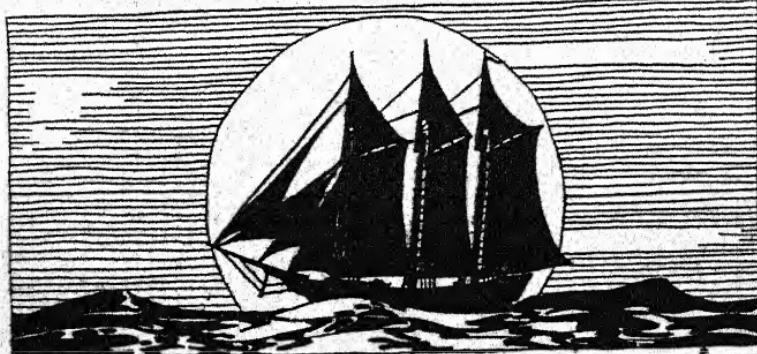
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and  
    still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse  
    nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage  
    closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with  
    object won;  
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!  
    But I with mournful tread,  
        Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

---

## The Sea Gypsy

*Richard Hovey*

I am fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
    And my soul is in Cathay.



There's a schooner in the offing,  
With her topsails shot with fire,  
And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!  
With the sunset I must be  
Hull down on the trail of rapture  
In the wonder of the Sea.

---

## Break, Break, Break

*Alfred Tennyson*

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!





Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

---

## Say Not the Struggle Nought Avaleith

*Arthur Hugh Clough*

Say not the struggle nought availeth  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

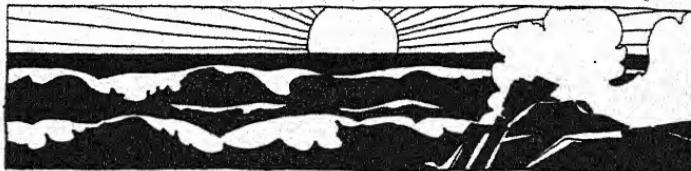
And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.



## Prospice

*Robert Browning*

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
    The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
    I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
    The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
    Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
    And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be  
        gained,  
    The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
    The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and  
        forebore,  
    And bade me creep past.



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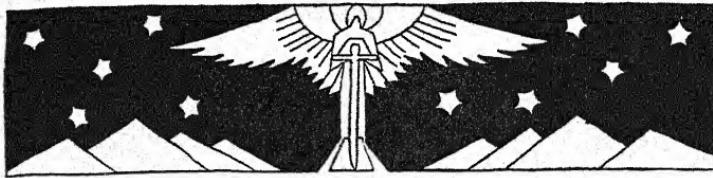
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    The best and the last!  
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    And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my  
peers

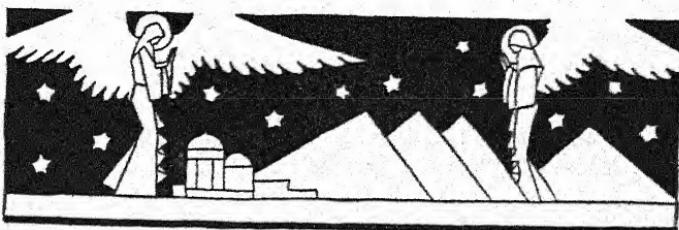
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of  
pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!





## Psalm 121

*The Bible*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence  
cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made  
Heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither  
slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper:

The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon  
by night:

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:

He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy  
coming in

From this time forth, and even for evermore.



## Beatitudes

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.



## Psalm 91

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see  
the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my  
refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;  
There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any  
plague come nigh thy dwelling.  
For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to  
keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou  
dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the  
young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample  
under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore  
will I deliver him: I will set him on high, be-  
cause he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I  
will be with him, in trouble; I will deliver  
him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my  
salvation.

---

### Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he  
leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths  
of righteousness for his name's sake.



Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

---

## Follow the Gleam

*Alfred Tennyson*

Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight!  
O young Mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel,





And crowd your canvas,  
And, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the Gleam.

---

## The Chambered Nautilus

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-  
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old  
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave the low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea!



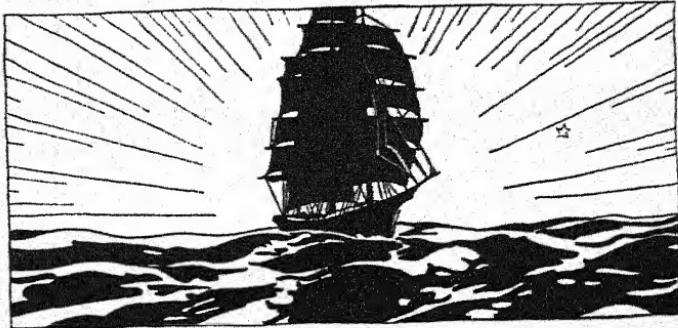


## Requiem

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*



## Crossing the Bar

*Alfred Tennyson*

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
• When I have crossed the bar.

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